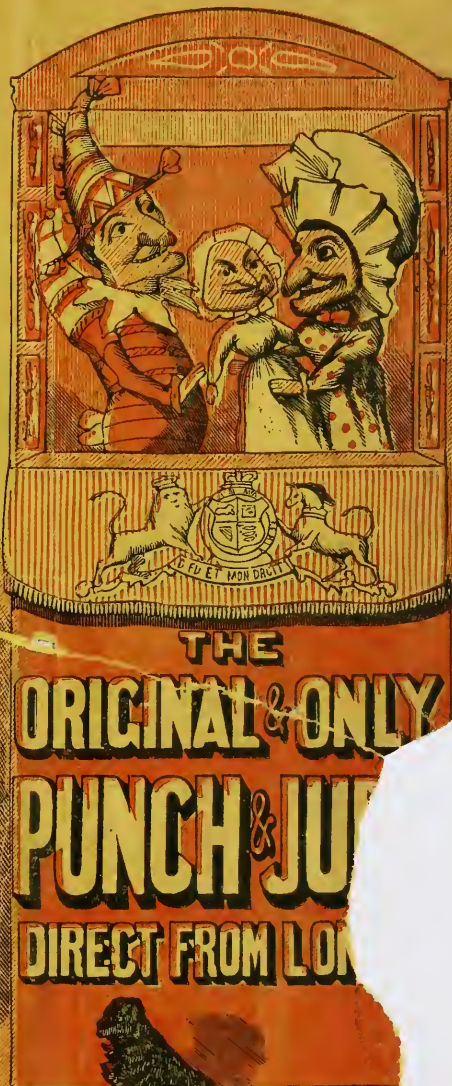


PUNCH AND JUDY

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BY THOMAS A. M. WARD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

267 Washington St.

PUNCH AND JUDY,

With Instructions

How to Manage the Little
WOODEN ACTORS;

CONTAINING

New and Easy Dialogues

ARRANGED FOR THE USE OF

BEGINNERS, DESIROUS TO LEARN

HOW TO WORK THE PUPPETS.

—FOR—

Sunday Schools, Private Parties, Festivals and
Parlor Entertainments.

BY THOS. A. M. WARD,
Attorney at Law.

JANESVILLE, WIS.:
VEEDER & LEONARD, PRINTERS,
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PREFACE.

The Invention of Puppet Shows, Tumbling and other public amusements, carries us back to a period in history long anterior to the birth of MOSES.

In fact, Games of Chance, as well as the sports and pastimes usually enjoyed in their Plays, by the early people of Egypt, were in their zenith in the reign of the RAMESES.

RAMESES the II, was a magnificent patron of letters as well as art.

The "Sacred Library," which Diodorus mentions, has been discovered in his Palace, the Rameseum at Karnak.

Nine men of learning were attached to the person of this King, and at their head was a certain KAGABU, as "Master of the Rolls, (Books) a man "unrivalled in elegance of style and diction."

From the pen of this master, who may have helped to train the mind of MOSES, the King's adopted grandson, in "all the learning of the Egyptians," we still possess the oldest Fairy Tale in the world, a moral story, resembling that of Joseph and his Brethren, composed for the King's son Meneptha, who afterwards became the opponent of Moses, at the time of the exodus of the Jews from Egypt.

Our object is not so much with the antiquity of shows, as it is directly with the introduction of "PUNCH AND JUDY" into polite society; in proper character, free from superfluous verbiage, and dressing the play in phraseology commensurate with the progress of the age—good taste and refinement.

The performance of PUNCH in the streets of European cities, unpurified of the vulgar colloquies put into his mouth, by the man who works the Puppets, would not for an instant be tolerated by the people of this country.

"The Play of PUNCH AND JUDY," observes a writer in *Harper's Monthly*, "was exhibited for a short time at a popular place of amusement in New York City, in 1870, but did not take sufficiently with the audience to induce the managers to go on with it."

The true cause of its failure, at the time, doubtless arose from the vulgar and impure language, used by the fellow that worked the Figures.

Where the little Puppets have been properly conducted, the popularity of the show has been unbounded.

With the assistance of Mr. Cruikshank's admirable illustrations, it may be made the medium of the most amusing whimsicalities. We are told that so grave and dignified a personage as an English Secretary of State is certain to be, once paused on his way from Downing-street to the HOUSE OF COMMONS on a night of important debate to witness the whole performance.

—o—

INSTRUCTIONS.

How to Perform the Puppets.

The Frame should be three feet long and two feet wide: there should be a space of 16 inches high, between the stage, on which the Puppets perform, and the top of the Frame, corresponding to the ceiling of a room, from which a little curtain hangs and in all particulars resembling a miniature theatre, with small wings on the sides, like the scenes in a large theatre, and a curtain in front to drop, or slide across the stage, at the end of each act, is necessary. Immediately above the stage is a small stick running across the top, from which a small fringe hangs, in the style of a curtain, between this fringe and the top of the stage, is a space of 16 inches, for the Puppets to perform.

The height of the stage, or floor on which the Puppets move, from the ground upward, must be regulated by the height of the person performing the Figures: the stage, therefore, should never exceed two inches higher than the head of the person who stands behind it, inside of the Frame. This will enable

the performer to rest his hands on the back part of the stage without being seen by the audience. Without this relief for the hands to rest on, he could not be able to continue the movement of the Figures to any length of time.

On one end of the Frame (the stage part) is a small socket, in which the end of a movable gallows is fixed.

The whole of the Frame is covered outside with thick cloth, to conceal all that may be done on the inside.

Three bags hang in front of the performer—extending across the Frame; and on the right and left hand sides, are four more pockets—two on each side—making seven altogether; about six or eight inches deep.

In these pockets are placed the little Wooden Actors. PUNCH and the DOCTOR, occupy the same bunk. JUDY, with her child, and the dog TOBY have a bunk to themselves. The CONSTABLE and JACK KETCH, room together. The NEGRO and the DEVIL have separate berths.

The way to hold the Puppets in order to exhibit them to the public:

PUNCH is always held by the showman's right hand, his head is wood of course, and should be five inches, allowing two inches for the length of neck would make it seven inches long, five inches from the neck to the top of the head, with a hole, for the finger to rest in, three inches deep. Into this little hole in the head fits the showman's fore finger while his second finger fits into PUNCH's right hand, and the exhibitor's thumb sets in PUNCH's left hand. Thus, by the aid of the exhibitor's fore finger and thumb, PUNCH is enabled to wield the club he carries with such consummate dexterity.

JUDY is held by the left hand and managed in the same way: thus, when the exhibitor has PUNCH and JUDY ready to commence the show they are said to be well mounted.

How to make the dresses and to dress the Figures.—The dress of each Puppet is a gown fastened around its neck about thirteen inches long, on to this is sewed the coat, shirt, vest and pantaloons. Inside of the gown the showman thrusts his hand for the working of the little Actor—described above.

The PUNCH Puppet, has a big belly and a haunch on his back between his shoulders, which gives him the appearance of the Lord Mayor of London.

The Play opens by the appearance of Mr. PUNCH who calls JUDY to his aid. Here commences the dance by PUNCH and JUDY, who bow to the audience, then to each other and at the sound of music move off in the dance.

It is not necessary that the feet of the Puppets should be seen, consequently they are seldom brought into view.

The person inside the Frame when dancing the Puppets, must go through all the capers he wishes the Figures to perform; and as he is entirely concealed from view, he can be just as funny as he pleases; and in proportion to his comic actions will the little Actors appear to the audience.

And strange as it may seem should the exhibitor fail to carry out these instructions, namely: of moving his body, so as to correspond with the motions he wishes to give the Figures, the dance of PUNCH and his wife would be flat—without fun or any interest whatever. Therefore, remember and fail not to put in all the comic points, (motions) for in this lies the secret of giving life and merriment to the PUNCH and JUDY Show.

—o—

Act 1. Scene 1st.

(PUNCH—is heard below with a loud squeak: he makes his appearance from the wing on the right hand side of the stage dancing and singing. Enter PUNCH.)

PUNCH.—Good day little people—how do you do? The funniest man I ever saw was old JOE MILLER. But the smartest chap among them all was JACK the GIANT KILLER.

The biggest thing on the ice is an Elephant—he is not a pretty bird—and never travels without a trunk. The Pig is a smaller bird—somebody shot his feathers all off.

JUDY, my dear, come up stairs.

(JUDY answers from below.) I am coming darling. (Enter JUDY.) JUDY.—Mr. PUNCH, did you call me?

PUNCH.—I should think I did—had you been here sooner

you would have seen the man that lived in the "House that Jack built."

JUDY.—Did you see him?

PUNCH.—I only saw one side of him—that is why I wanted you here—you could have stood on one side, and I on the other, and then we could have seen the whole of him at one time. *He was orful!*

JUDY.—Mr. PUNCH, you are such a funny man: now let us have a nice little dance.

PUNCH.—With all my heart. (*They join hands—bow to the audience—then to themselves and step off, keeping time with the sound of the music.*)

JUDY.—Mr. PUNCH, I am going down stairs to bring up the BABY. (*Exit JUDY.*)

(PUNCH—*continues to dance—a negro comes up slyly behind him and hits him a heavy blow on the side of his head, and before PUNCH gets a glance at him, darts out of sight. PUNCH scratches his head, looks about the stage—seemingly much perplexed—but is soon relieved by the appearance of JUDY with the CHILD. Enter JUDY with the BABY.*)

JUDY.—Mr. PUNCH, here is our own little darling: you hold the child while I go down in the kitchen and prepare dinner—mind you—don't you slap or pinch it, to make it cry. (*He takes the Child. Exit JUDY.*)

(PUNCH *sings*) "It is good to be a father," etc. (*He tries to make it sit up—the Child cries—he again sings.*)

"Lullaby baby in the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock."

Oh, you little tu-te-tutes—pretty bird, sit up. (*He takes it in his lap and tries to make it sit up.*) The baby want he mamma? yes, he does. (*He becomes impatient at the noise of the Child.*) If you don't stop I'll give you a good spanking. (*Throws the Child up and catches it.*) Catchee, catchee, cat-chee! (*Child continues to cry and PUNCH getting angry throws it out at the window.*) He! he! he! (*laughing and singing*)

I am not such an ugly man!
The girls all laugh whenever they can—
And they sing, 'there goes the ugly man!'

(*Re-enter JUDY.*) JUDY.—Mr. PUNCH, where is the Child?

PUNCH.—Gone to sleep.

JUDY.—(*Looking around and not seeing it.*) Where have you put it?—is it in the cradle?

PUNCH.—No my dear, I put it into the soup.

JUDY.—PUNCH where's that child tell me quickly.

PUNCH.—The Child cried and I dropped it out at the window.

JUDY.—I'll drop you on the floor—depend upon it—where is my stick? (*Exit JUDY.*)

PUNCH.—There she goes—three feet three inches and a chew tobacco high. (*He sings*) “there was an old woman who lived in her shoe—shoe—shew!”

(*Re-enter JUDY with a stick; she comes in behind him and hits PUNCH a square blow on the back of the head before he is aware.*)

JUDY.—You monster—I'll teach you how to hold a child—you nasty puke.

PUNCH.—So-o-oftly—JUDY my dear so-o-oftly! (*rubbing the back of his head with his hands*) don't be a fool!

JUDY.—You'll drop my poor child out at the window will you? (*hitting him continually on his head.*)

PUNCH.—Don't JUDY—stop I tell you—a joke is a joke.

JUDY.—You cruel man—you think it is a joke do you—it is no joke with me to have my poor dear child beat to death! I'll show you how to use a child. (*Hits him.*)

PUNCH.—I don't want to learn—are you in earnest?

JUDY.—Yes (*hit*) I (*hit*) am. (*hit.*)

PUNCH.—Leave off I tell you. What! you refuse? do you?

JUDY.—I won't leave off. (*Hits him.*)

PUNCH.—Very well my lady; now comes my turn. (*He snatches the stick from her, and strikes her on the head while she runs about to different parts of the stage to get out of his way.*) How do you like that? old gal, and (*hitting her*) that?

JUDY.—Mr. PUNCH, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to strike a woman! a helpless woman like me—get out with you.

PUNCH.—If a horse kicks me I'll kick him back if I can—if a dog bites me I'll bite him—you take that (*hits*) and one more

(*hits her again—she falls to the floor; PUNCH is alarmed.*) No, no; I won't hit you again. JUDY (*he lifts her up*) don't cry—let's make up and never quarrel again! (*He kisses her, JUDY puts her arms around his neck and lovingly forgives him.*)

JUDY.—Don't you never strike me any more.

PUNCH.—No never! now my dear go down stairs and take care of the baby—you be good to me and I'll be good to you. (*Exit JUDY. PUNCH sings*)

I am a jolly shoe-maker my name is Dick Ale,
I am a bit of a beast for I live in a stall,
With an ugly old wife and a tortoise shell cat,
I mend boots and shoes with a rat-a-tat-tat.

(*Re-enter JUDY.*) JUDY.—Mr. PUNCH, have you seen Polly Hopkins?

PUNCH.—No I haven't seen her since she had the measles.

JUDY.—Well now since you are in such good humor let us join in a nice little dance.

PUNCH.—Of woman kind I do admire but one and you are she my dearest dear, therefore it shall be done. (*They bow to the audience, then to themselves and dance off: PUNCH singing the tune and both keeping time to the music. Exit PUNCH and JUDY.*)

(*Enter DOCTOR and SERVANT.*) DOCTOR.—He is not here (*to the negro*) JOE, you go through the house—find Mr. PUNCH and tell him I want to see him.

JOE.—Yes sir—I spec he is in de house. (*Exit JOE.*)

(*Enter PUNCH, who is addressed by the DR.*) DR.—Is your name PUNCH?

PUNCH.—Yes I am PUNCH—who are you?

DR.—Well sir I am a Doctor.

PUNCH.—Why I am not sick!

DR.—That may be—I have restored to health your little child.

PUNCH.—DR. you are a good fellow. Come and see me some time when I am not at home.

DR.—Mr. PUNCH, my charge for curing the child is fifty dollars.

PUNCH.—Sir: do you take me for the Bank of England?

DR.—Well, to be liberal with you I will throw off one half.

PUNCH.—I will not be outdone in liberality—I will throw off the other half!

DR.—Mr. PUNCH, if you don't pay me I will send the sheriff for you.

PUNCH.—(*Looking for his stick—the DR. flies for his life.*) Lucky for you old chap or I would have made a pill of you.

(*Enter Miss POLLY HOPKINS.*) POLLY.—How do you do sir? I am looking for the man who lived in the house that Jack built.

PUNCH.—(*aside*) Oh, good gracious what a pretty girl: in the language of Shakspear, I am the man.

POLLY.—Why your name is Mr. PUNCH, I know you!

PUNCH.—Yes, (*aside*) how on earth did that little girl learn my name? My little daughter, there are said to be one hundred rooms in my house—but I never could find but ninety—where the other ten are I never knew. But there are about one thousand big Norway rats who live in this house—run riot all night and don't pay no rent. Three days ago I wrote on a number of pieces of papers for the rats to leave—one of these papers was put in every rat-hole in this house.

POLLY.—Have they left?

PUNCH.—*I don't hear no noise for two days*—I think they are making up their minds to seek homes elsewhere.

POLLY.—Did you ever catch any of them?

PUNCH.—Oh, yes, bless you, I made a pot-pie of big fat rats but I could not eat it. I never did like rats any way you can cook them.

POLLY.—What did you do with the pot-pie?

PUNCH.—I gave it to my wife's poor relations.

POLLY.—Mr. PUNCH, 'mother says you are my grandfather's great uncle—when I was a little child you promised me a dollar!

PUNCH.—I remember it, that was six years ago. (*He sings and dances.*) It is nice to be a father. (PUNCH puts POLLY through a course of spelling.)

POLLY.—Uncle, you won't forget the dollar?

PUNCH.—No. Now I want you to spell sugar. (*She tries*

and fails.) Follow me my child—now, s-u-g-a-r. (*She repeats the letters but fails to tell what they spell.*)

PUNCH.—What does that spell?

POLLY.—I don't know.

PUNCH.—What does your mother put in her tea?

POLLY.—A spoon!

PUNCH.—Bah! sugar my child.

POLLY.—Uncle don't forget the dollar.

PUNCH.—I'll not forget it—now, POLLY, follow me—(*he proceeds and she repeats*) m-i-l-k—what does that spell?

POLLY.—Sugar.

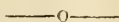
PUNCH.—No it don't: What do you get in your little mug every morning, when you go round the corner, for your mother?

POLLY.—Whiskey!

PUNCH.—That will do, now go to bed. That child is more than seven years old! *He starts POLLY off to bed and as she makes her exit, she exclaims,* Uncle don't forget the dollar!

PUNCH sings—

“Polly put the kettle on we will all drink tea,
Barney let the girls alone and let them quiet be.”



Act II.

(*Enter Policeman, accompanied by black JOE, the DOCTOR's servant.*)

JOE.—Yes sah, I know him—he can't fool dis child: (*looking about him he espies PUNCH*) dah he—dah he is! Dat him —dat's ole PUNCH.

PUNCH.—Here's a pretty brace of ducks. (*The Policeman at the sight of PUNCH's stick, sneaks off unseen by the negro, leaving poor JOE all alone with PUNCH.*)

JOE.—I ain't no duck.

PUNCH.—I am going to eat a live nigger raw.

JOE.—Moses in de mountain—you don't catch dis child. (*Exit JOE. PUNCH lies down on the stage and while watching*

for the darkie falls asleep. JOE sily crawls up to him and plants a fearful blow on the right side of PUNCH's head; and suddenly dodges out of sight. PUNCH, springs up but too late to get a sight of his enemy, he conceals himself behind the scenes and remains on watch. JOE sily crawls up to his side of the stage and conceals himself behind the curtains. But PUNCH sees him and crawling over unseen, on his hands and knees, to JOE's corner, returns for his club—as before—returns and hits the negro an awful blow and flies to his own corner.)

JOE.—You nasty ole turkey nose—I'll catch you yet—I'll put hot lead in your ear. (JOE hides behind the curtain.)

(PUNCH crawls over to JOE's side again and deals him two blows in rapid succession. JOE falls down and PUNCH, supposing the fellow to be dead, throws him over the stage; and then sings,

Oh, lay me in my little bed. (Exit PUNCH.)

(Enter BLIND MAN: at the same time an IRISHMAN from the opposite side of the stage.)

IRISHMAN.—Is your name PUNCH?

BLIND MAN.—No, I am blind.

IRISH.—Sure, and how should I know that? troth I would rather see than be blind—it is an unlucky counthry—this that makes a man go blind before he gets hungry—bad luck to the day I left Ireland. (Exit IRISHMAN.)

(Enter PUNCH.) PUNCH.—Ah, is that you BLINDY. Where are you from last?

BLIND MAN.—From beyond the sea.

PUNCH.—Old man, you used to be good at jumping once, how is it now?

B. M.—I was something of a jumper in my day.

PUNCH.—(Leading him to an old well.) Now, here is a level place, let me see how far you can jump—there's a half a dollar for you.

(B. M. gets ready, makes a jump and lands at the bottom of the well.)

B. M.—Help—help, help me out, I am blind!

PUNCH.—Stick to it old fellow—keep the thing going and I

will go for assistance. (*He starts off, singing.*)

“Down in the coalmines underneath the ground,
Where a gleam of sun-shine never can be found,
Digging dusty diamonds all the season round:
Down in the coalmines underneath the ground.”

(*Exit PUNCH. End of Act II.*)

—o—

Act III.

(*Enter ALDERMAN MALLEN and CAPT. FRANK.*)

FRANK.—He is said to be a mighty smart man, but I think we can take him.

ALD. M.—Well, if we can't no one else need try.

(*Enter PUNCH, singing.*)

For I am one of the olden time,
And may be thought too gay,
Like Jersey Sam the Farmer's man,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurra.

FRANK.—Leave off your singing, Mr. PUNCH, for we have come to make you sing on the other side of your mouth.

PUNCH.—Well sir, who are you?

FRANK.—Don't you know me?

PUNCH.—Never saw you before.

FRANK.—That is all gammon: I know you well enough; I had a pretty hard fight with you once.

PUNCH.—I always like a man better after I have fought with him. Who sent you here?

ALD. M.—You are wanted at the Mayor's office. Col. Wood says you once killed a Policeman in Chicago.

PUNCH.—No body cares for that. I won't go.

FRANK.—Besides, you killed the Doctor's servant, black Joe.

PUNCH.—He killed me.

ALD. M.—How can that be?

PUNCH.—I was dancing by myself and the fellow came up behind me and knocked me down—if you don't believe it, I can show you how it was done.

ALD. M.—Well, for one, I should like to see about how it was done.

(*PUNCH hits him a heavy blow on the side of his head and suddenly makes his exit.*)

(*The ALDERMAN and the CONSTABLE conceal themselves behind the curtains and remain on the watch for their enemy.*)

ALD. M.—I say FRANK, he is a tricky old fellow.

FRANK.—Yes, one wants to be on his guard. He is as quick as lightning, but we must take him—cost what it may, and we have got to do it before he reaches the engine house, on the corner of 10th and Filbert street, the firemen are all friendly to him—so are the children of the city.

ALD. M.—I'll take him if I have to summon the whole of the Fourth Ward.

(*PUNCH is heard from below; the parties quickly conceal themselves behind the curtain and await his approach. Enter PUNCH singing.*)

Charley Buff has money enough,
Charley Buff lives over the shore,
And when he dies he'll close his eyes and never see money more.

(*At this part of the play the ALDERMAN and the POLICEMAN spring up behind him and after a hard struggle they pin him in a corner, and finally carry him off, while he lustily calls out, "Help! murder!" etc. End of Scene I.*)

SCENE II.—*The curtain rises at the back of the stage, and discovers PUNCH in Prison.*

(*JACK KETCH enters with a gallows on his shoulders. He fixes it on the platform of the stage, and exit.*)

PUNCH.—There goes a hang-dog looking fellow whom they doubtless keep to feed hogs—the fellow's face resembles a side of sole leather, with a slit in it which he calls a mouth.

(*Enter the CONSTABLE. He examines the Gibbet and exits.*)

PUNCH.—There goes the man that stole the butcher's dog.

(*Enter two men with a coffin—they set it down on the platform and exit.*)

PUNCH.—Hello, there goes two scoundrels—body snatchers. What grave have they been robbing?

(*Re-enter JACK KETCH.*) JACK KETCH.—Now, Mr. PUNCH, you may come out.

(*PUNCH walks out.*) PUNCH.—JACK, what have you got on your face?

J. K.—I wear a mask because I am the public executioner.

It was my ancestor who cut off the head of Ann Bowlin, Catherine Howard, Lady Jane Gray and Mary, Queen of Scots, and now I am going to execute you—for killing the Dr.'s servant.

PUNCH.—No you don't, if you do I'll be hanged.

J. K.—Why did you kill old JOE?

PUNCH.—In self defence.

J. K.—PUNCH that won't do—you are too tough to live.

PUNCH.—JACK, the old devil will never get all that is due him, until he gets you in his bony arms.

J. K.—That's all bosh: your time is nearly up. I want you to put your head into this halter and I'll give you the best swing you ever had.

PUNCH.—JACK, if my head was in that rope, I would not take it out, but, as it is out, I'll never put it in.

J. K.—Mr. PUNCH, be a good fellow—you are a considerable burden to me and I want to get the load off my hands; oblige me by being hung, here is the noose, just put your head in here.

PUNCH.—Through that place there? (*Pointing to the noose.*) I don't know how.

J. K.—It is very easy: only put your head in that loop,—here,—take the noose.

PUNCH.—What so? (*Poking his head on one side of the noose then on the other side.*)

J. K.—Not so you fool.

PUNCH.—Mind, who you call fool: try if you can do it yourself: only show me how it can be done—old pestilence and I'll try.

J. K.—Very well; I will, you see my head and you see this loop. Put it in, so. (*Putting his head through the noose.*)

PUNCH.—And pull it tight, so! (*He pulls the body forcibly down, and hangs JACK KETCH.*) Huzza! huzza! (*PUNCH takes down the corpse and places it in the coffin. Enter two men who remove the gallows and then carry away the coffin containing the body of JACK KETCH and exit.*)

PUNCH.—There they go they think they have got me in that coffin. (*He sings*)

Let the wild world wag as it will
I'll be merry merry still.
Jack Ketch is dead and I am free
I don't care if old Nick himself should come for me.

(*During his singing he beats time with his stick.*)

I am the man to manage them all,
Here's a stick to thump old Nick,
If ever he pays me a call.

(*Enter the DEVIL. Peeps in at the corner, and exit.*)

PUNCH.—(*Much frightened, and retreating as far as he can.*)
Oh dear! oh Lord! What is that? That's old Nick, sure enough. (*The DEVIL comes forward. PUNCH stands on the defensive*)

PUNCH.—Keep off Mr. DEVIL. (*The DEVIL advances*) Look out for your eyes. (*The DEVIL darts at PUNCH, who escapes and aims a blow at him: the DEVIL eludes it, as well as many other blows which PUNCH aims at him, laying his head on the platform, and slipping it rapidly backward and forward, so that PUNCH instead of striking him, only repeatedly hits the boards. Exit DEVIL.*)

PUNCH.—He, he, he! (*laughing.*) He is off: He who runs away will live to fight another day.

(*A noise in the background is heard.*)

(*PUNCH alarmed by hearing a strange, whirring noise, like that made by a spinning-wheel, retreats to the corner of the stage.*)

(*Re-enter the DEVIL, with a stick. He makes up to PUNCH, who retreats round the back of the stage, and they stand eyeing one another and fencing at opposite sides. At last the DEVIL makes a blow at PUNCH which tells on the back of his head*)

PUNCH.—Take care of my head! What is that for? Old boy can't we be friends. (*The DEVIL hits him again. PUNCH now begins to be angry.*) Well, if you won't be a friend, we will be enemies, now, old DEVIL I take the chances in this contest, your head or mine, we must try which is the best man PUNCH or the DEVIL.

(*Here commences a terrific combat between the DEVIL and PUNCH. Compared with which the fight between the French and the Prussians, if you leave out the guns, was more than boy play. In the beginning, PUNCH has much the worst of it; but, at length succeeds in planting several heavy blows in the small of the DEVIL's back. This weakens the old Father of evil, and towards the conclusion PUNCH drives his enemy before him. The DEVIL stunned by repeated blows, falls down, when PUNCH kills him; and putting him on his shoulder carries him round, exclaiming,)* Hazza! huzza! the DEVIL's dead."

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